THE WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 41] SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1805. [WHOLE No. 145

THE

HISTORY OF

GEORGE & CHARLOTTE.

(Continued from our last.)

TO return to our heroine. At her father's return, which was not till two days after Winslow's departure, she on being pressed for her determination made the preconcerted discovery of her marriage. Nothing could exceed the rage and indignation of Mr. Beauclerk. He would have dismissed her from his house, had it not been for the interference of Sir Edward, who, though not a little vexed himself, was rather of a more moderate temper. He even gave his friend room to suppose, his assiduity should not be diminished; and Mr. Beauclerk, in the heat of pursuing his favorite object, bestowed less attention than he would have done on his domestic misfortune.—When, lo, in the same newspaper, appeared the following paragraph:—We are happy to contradict the assertion in our paper of last Saturday, that contained the death of George Courtly, Esq.—that gentleman having been only seized with an apoplectic fit, which yielded immediately to the proper applications; and he is now so perfectly recovered, that his physicians have no doubt of his being able to attend his duty in the ensuing parliament.

This checked the plan of operation of the two gentlemen for a few years longer, and threw rather an air of ridicule on their conduct. Mr. Beauclerk had now leisure to reflect on his daughter's imprudence; and soured by the additional circumstance of his disappointment, his temper grew intolerable. The agitation of his mind brought on fresh fits of the gout, and Charlotte, with the attributes of an angel, seemed destined to the miseries of the fiends.

In this state had she passed two years, commencing shortly after George Fitzroy had first seen her. She received different letters from Winslow, all filled with the warmest terms of regard, and expressing the strongest hopes of amassing a fortune in India; when, after a longer interval than usual, a gentleman called at her father's town-house where the family happened then to reside, and left his name, with the addition of "from India." At his next visit he was shown up to Charlotte, he brought her the melancholy tidings of Winslow's death; of which he had been a witness. He brought her also an attested copy of his will; in which this gentleman himself, a Mr. Finchley, was named sole executor; and the whole property bequeathed to his dearly beloved wife, Charlotte Winslow, otherwise Beauclerk. He delivered to her a letter which Winslow had began to write in his last illness, but which he had not strength to finish. He took an affectionate leave, lamented that he could not leave her independent of herfather and requested her acceptance of the trifle which it was in his power to bequeath. Adding his advice, that should the irksomeness of her situation still continue, she should, if possible, conceal his death from her father.

She wept most heartily over this last token of his regard. She now felt herself without a friend; for to her father she dared not look up. Mr. Finchley strongly pressed her to follow Winslow's advice in concealing his death. Indeed she had a very good opportunity of doing so. Mr. Beauclerk's eyes being dim, she always read his newspapers to him, and could easily suppress the account of Mr. Winslow's death, should it find its way into them. So strong was his detestation of his supposed son-in-law, that he never mentioned his name even to Charlotte; and never could endure to hear it mentioned to him. His acquaintance, all informed of his sentiments, never let it escape their lips in his presence. And the only man to be imposed on was sir Edward.

Charlotte, after the first emotion of her grief had subsided, determined to accord to what had been the wish of her departed friend; and Finchley joining in her opinion, for which indeed he had very strong private reasons he promised to assist her to the utmost of his power. Winslow was but little known in Ireland.

Finchley promised to deny his death, if questioned, and having given her eight hundred pounds, as the amount of his friend's effects; he took her receipt in full, advising her to represent that sum as a present from her husband, which would completely contradict the report of his death, should such report become public. She agreed, and he took his leave.

In a few days, when she could a little compose herself, she ventured to mention to her father the receipt of a letter and present from Mr. Winslow. Perhaps the latter a little relaxed the severity of his temper, and he condescended to ask how he was.

He is well.

Beauclerk's curiosity led him no farther.

His complaints every day gaining ground, he was advised by his physicians to go to Spa. He accordingly took his daughter with him. He found considerable benefit, and returned to England, when, thinking the air agreed better with him than that of Ireland, he determined to reside, at least for some time.

Mr. Beauclerk's illness increasing, one night his bell was heard to ring violently. As soon as a servant could get to his room, he was so ill, that it was with difficulty a few spoonfuls of warm wine only could be forced down his throat. The gout had got possession of his head and stomach; and before morning he was numbered with his fathers.

He had, on hearing the news of Mr. Winslow's death, burnt the will he had made when he first heard of his daughter's marriage; But he wanted resolution to make a second; and by his dying intestate, his whole estate, real and personal, (his real being entail general) devolved on his daughter, who had for some months been of age.

The usual allowance of time for domestic mourning being elapsed, and tranquility in some degree restored, she felt herself deeply implicated in a regard for a man, whom prudence, and a fear of the world's censure, warned her to avoid. She regretted her father's death—she felt herself forced to look only to her own mind for the rule of her conduct; and she dreaded lest even that guide might deceive her. Her spirits forsook her—her sleep was disturbed; and her physician ordered her early exercise in her carriage.

Fitzroy had rose early, dressed himself, and the morning being extremely fine, took a solitary walk, to debate the question in his mind. The face of nature was trimmed up in one of her most bewitching smiles; and the enlivening appearance of the early summer threw a corresponding gaiety over the gloom of his reflections. He perceived not how he wandered, and was returning from having advanced a good way in Hyde-Park; when he heard the firing of some troops, and presently saw a carriage, the horses under which appeared so unruly, as to threaten immediate danger to the passengers. He ran forward to assist them. The fire was in divisions from flanks to the centre; so that scarcely a minute intervened between the shots; and the fright of the horses was augmented in proportion.

On his nearer approach, he saw Charlotte screaming from the window. ——The footman had descended from behind; but not having been used to horses, stood a few yards off in a consternation, that deprived him of motion. Fitzroy instantly ran to their heads, and by his assistance the coachman was enabled to reduce them to obedience. the footman now advanced, and Fitzroy going up to the carriage to pay his compliments, discovered that the object of them had fainted. He ran for some water, which he brought in his hat. No assistance was near; for every one in the park was looking at the troops that had a field day. He was so fortunate as to recover her. The firing began again. He was again summoned to the horses, and in this double employment, sometimes running to the carriage, at others leading the horses, they arrived at Piccadilly gate. The danger was now over, when he would have taken leave, but Mrs. Winslow observed the intense heat into which his exertions had thrown him, insisted on his accompanying her home. Mrs. Winslow was warm in her expressions of gratitude. George warmer in his terms of felicitation. She declared that he must have risqued his life.

My life, Madam, said he! Had I done so, I had done nothing. My life is of no value to me, but as it is devouted to you. Life and soul are all I have to offer—they are your's. Without expectation, without hope, I lay them at your feet, where I would freely empty my heart to its last drop, to protect you; could that drop but be sensible that you approved the sacrifice.

For Heaven's sake Mr. Fitzroy, no more of this!

Yes, I must continue. This is the critical moment of my life. Such another may never arrive. I have gone too far to recede; for I fear you will banish me for ever. Then let me use this moment in avowing that I feel for you, all that the most powerful attractions can create in the warmest heart. I have disturbed you—If I have, tell me so; but do not, do not, as you hope for pity, tell me that I may not hope for pardon.

I confess I am very much agitated. 'Tis a subject not proper to be urged. I could wish I were alone.

I obey you, Madam. But tell me, I pray you do, do we meet again as friends?

Certainly, no one has a juster sense of your merit.—But though I own I am honored by your good opinion, I wish this conversation never to be revived.

May I dare to be explicit? Will you?—

You shall judge of my respect for you, when I tell you I will. I will not wrong my own penetration, nor your honesty so much, as not to believe you feel what you express; nay more, as not to believe you are such a person as should give weight to a declaration of this kind; but I am peculiarly circumstanced; my mind is divided; my esteem for you, be assured nothing can affect; my gratitude is as immutable; farther, I request, I may not be pressed.

Then you give me hopes.

On a subject of such importance, I have much to combat: I am candid; the world will exclaim; friends will

arraign me: What may be the strength, or weakness, of my resolution, I know not.

The impression made on Mrs. Winslow in favor of Fitzroy was productive of much jealousy on the part of a Mrs. Lawrence, who, in conjunction with some incendiaries of her's, to prevent a union she had hoped to enjoy, contrived to have Fitzroy arrested for a debt of £500, and thrown into the King's Bench, where he lay some time. When reduced to the greatest distress, accidentally a person, who had been clerk to his father, and had left him just before his death, heard of a person being there of the name of Fitzroy, and, on enquiry, found him to be the son of his late much respected master.

No time was lost in seeing Fitzroy, when he conveyed not only a release from confinement, but the intelligence of his father's affairs at the time he left him, with a promise to gain him more information. Fortune having smiled much on the endeavors of this unexpected friend, whom we call Weldon, he wrote to a merchant with whom he had great dealings, and obtaining a confirmation of his suspicions, advised Fitzroy to compel his uncle to give an account of his trust, who, on writing to his mother, received for answer, that her uncle was dangerously ill of the dropsy, and had made no will, consequently he was heir at law. A few days confirmed the opinion, and the cause of his absence being explained to Mrs. Winslow by Mr. Weldon, he was admitted to her company, and, in a short time enjoyed the prize so long wished, when, returning to Ireland, he obtained a seat in Parliament through the intercession and friendship of his late rival Sir Edward, and long enjoyed the blessing he had so eagerly sought.

CAMOENS,

THE PORTUGUESE POET.

CAMOENS, the celebrated Poet of Portugal, whose grand Poem, the *Lusiad* reflects much credit on *Mickle* the translator, has found a further introduction to the acquaintance of British and American readers, in a version of his minor poems, by Lord Viscount Strangford, one of the most promising youthful poets of the present day. The following particulars are furnished in Strangford's translation.

Camoens was distinguished as a lover, a warrior, and a poet. His productions have also the peculiar merit of not being the mere fictions of a creative fancy, his minor effusions exhibit his own feelings, under circumstances of actual occurrence, and his principal poem the Lusiad, in its embellished narrative of the grand expedition, details events of which he was a spectator, and in which he bore a part.

In church at Lisbon, Camoens first beheld Donna Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest and earliest attachment; and it was not long before he enjoyed an opportunity of declaring his affection with all the romantic ardor of eighteen and of a poet. In the following *Sonnet* he commemorates this event.

Sweetly was heard the anthem's choral strain,
And myriads bow'd before the sainted shrine,
In solemn reverence to their fire divine,
Who gave the lamb, for guilty mortal's stain:
When, in the midst of God's eternal fane,
(Ah little weening of his fell design!)
Love bore the heart (which since hath ne'er been mine.)
To o.., who seem'd of heaven's elected train!
For sanctity of place or time were vain,
'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming power,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
Oh, Lady! since I've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplored each wasted hour,
When I was free—and had not learned to love!

Love in those days, was a state of no trifling probation, and ladies then expected a period of almost chivalrous servitude. The punctilious severity of his mistress formed the subject of Camoen's most tender complaints, for tho' her heart had secretly decided in his favor, still Portuguese delicacy suppressed all avowal of her passion. After many months of adoration, when he besought a ringlet of her hair, she was so far softened as to make a compromise with punctilio, and bestow one of the silken fillets, which encircled her head. One of his sonnets expresses the poet's feelings on receiving this mark of her favor.

THE SILKEN FILLET.

Dear band, which once adorn'd my worship'd fair,
Pledge of that better gift I hope to gain,
In just reward of love's-long suffer'd pain;
What mighty transport would my bosom share,
Had I but won a tress of that crisp'd hair,
Whose rich luxuriance late thou didst restrain!
Much tho' I prize thee, must my heart complain,
Since deem'd not worthy next the pulse to wear
A little portion of that precious gold!
Dear band, my miser soul were griev'd indeed,
That stars severe and wayward fate withold,
Truth's just reward, and long affection's meed,
But that I know 'tis in love's legends told,
Gifts small as these, to greatest blessings lead!

The peculiar situation of Donna Catarina, (being one of the Queen's ladies) imposed intolerable restraint upon her lover. Like another Ovid he violated the royal precincts and was banished from court. Her relations availed themselves of the pretext to terminate an intercourse which wordly consideration rendered on her part, of high imprudence. Love prepared a consolation for his votary: on the morning of his departure his mistress relented from her severity, and confessed the secret of her long concealed affection. The sighs of regret were exhausted by those of delight, and the youthful poet, experienced those varying sensations conveyed in the following

CAZONET.

I whisper'd her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold show'rs of sorrow bathed her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs:
Yet——strange to tell——'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this—
I saw him weeping in her eyes,
I heard him breathe among her sighs,
And every throb which shook her breast,
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen affliction clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me it pictur'd hope: and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,
That love's sun, tho' it rise in tears
May set in bliss!

Weary of banishment, he soon stole to Lisbon, again tasted of transport, was again detected, and a second time driven into exile. The spirit of Camoens revolted in inactivity, love inspired him with the resolution of conquering the obstacles fortune had placed between him and happiness. He accordingly obtained permission to accompany King John III. in an expedition against the Moors in Africa. Here, whilst bravely fighting, he was deprived of his right eye by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was stationed.

His heroic conduct in many engagements, at length procured his recal to

the court from which he had been exiled. He hastened home fraught with the most tender anticipations,——but found that his mistress was no more! There can scarcely be conceived, says their biographer, a more interesting theme for the visions of romance, than the death of this young and amiable being. She loved, she was beloved—she had been unfortunate in her attachment, but her lover was now returning, crowned in laurel, covered with glory. She was torn from the world at the early age of twenty. The regrets of the Poet are expressed in terms of peculiar delicacy and tenderness.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away,
Those braids of light that shamed the beams of day,
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
Those virgin cheeks which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone——forever gone——and perished here——
—But not unbathed by memory's warmest tear!
—Death thou hast torn in one unpitying hour
That fragrant plant, to which, whilst scarce a flow'r,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
Love saw the deed——and as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to heav'n.

In addition to the loss of his mistress, Camoens had to encounter the neglect of that nation, whose glory he had sustained with his pen and his sword.—He died in extreme indigence.

AN ADDRESS TO MARRIED PERSONS.

THE duties between man and wife are various and important. They suppose the union not of persons only, but also and particularly of affections. It is not joining of hands but of hearts, which constitutes marriage in the sight of God.-See then, that no motives of interest or convenience deceive you into a notion that you love one another, while you do not.

God never winks at the violation of nature, nor suffers it to take place with impunity. But this must take place in every marriage where mutual attachment is wanting. And that family is uniformly curst with the most substantial wretchedness, where there subsists on love between the heads of it. Thou, who art the husband, mistress thy wife with delicacy and discretion. Nothing in nature is so endearing, so winning, so captivating as tenderness; nothing creates aversion so soon so strong, so inveterate, as rudeness, indifference, or disrespect. She depends on thee for protection and comfort, in her difficulties. For thy sake she has left her friends, her connections, and all the world, and should she meet with a tyrant instead of a lover, she may repent of this day as long as she lives.—Never incense nor insult her; and as thou wishest to keep thy own temper and peace, ruffle not hers: for crossness and asperity, especially when they settle in moroseness and ill nature, are the qualities of a savage, not of a christian. Never, on any pretence whatever, squander that in dress, drinking, or dissipation which thou shouldst lay by for the benefit of thy family. By all the laws of God and man, of justice and love, they have exclusive claim on whatever thou canst earn; and every unnecessary indulgence which thou takest, apart from them, is at their expense and injury. Consult thy wife, especially in all cases of difficulty, it is her interest as well as her duty to give thee the best advice she can. Never keep her ignorant of thy circumstances: this has been the undoing of millions of families. The wife who deserves the name, will never fail to economise, when she knows that her partner's circumstances require it. Be not much uneasy, tho' the world should sometimes think she has her full share of influence. Women of good sense, seldom abuse their husband's confidence. And thou wilt see few happy families in which the wife is either a slave or a cypher.

Be ye equally yoked, is the command of God: let neither seek basely to throw an undue weight on the other's shoulders. Suffer no interference from any quarter whatever to interrupt your harmony; you are connected for life. Nothing can separate your fate in this world; O let nothing divide your affections.—Regard each other with the fullest confidence; the least spark of suspicion from either, must forever blast the comfort of both. There can be no harmony where there is no faith. A wife should not only love her husband, but on every occasion show him the greatest attention. Study by every means to make his home comfortable and inviting.—Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also; and a man's presence, as well as his heart, will always be there most, where he has most pleasure. And I'll venture to assert it as a fact incontestible, that he who finds his home a paradise, will seldom stroll into the wilderness of the world. While on the other hand, a scolding wife and a hot house has driven many a wretched husband to the tavern, where cards, women, and wine, have sealed his own destruction and that of his family.

In a word, be habitually loving and kind to one another. Have no separate secrets, nor allow yourselves any airs of mystery: but open your whole hearts to each other. Conceal as much as possible one another's foibles, and cultivate habits of affability, forbearance and good nature. Never be sullen or in a pet with each other, especially in the presence of strangers. And, to say all in love, live together as the heirs of glory.

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE swallowing pins, &c. has often been the cause of many grievous and dangerous effects, and it is presumed often fatal; for upon dissecting the patients who appeared, from the symptoms, to have died of the iliac passion, colick &c. they have been killed by pins, &c.

In April 1777, a young woman who had swallowed a very large pin (which stuck fast in that part of the *œsophagus*, which enters into the *thorax*) was brought to the hospital at Bambrough Castle, in Northumberland. As I then had the honor of the principal management of that hospital, I was sent for, and found the patient in very great pain. Having some time before, considered the nature of this accident and concluded, that if any thing could be given, that would pass easily, and when in the stomach coagulate into a glarey mass, it might probably bring up any thing lodged in the passage, I immediately gave her four grains of *tartar emetick* dissolved in warm water, and then made her swallow the whites of six eggs, and in about three minutes she brought up the coagulated mass, with the pin, and was effectually relieved.

The same method was attended with similar success in an instance nearly resembling the above.

A maid servant to the honorable Mr. Baillie of Millerstrain, in Scotland, went to bed with twenty four pins in her mouth.—The consequence of which was, that in the night, the family were alarmed with her cries. Mr. Baillie ordered her an emetick and the white of eggs as above, and the whole number of pins came up, and are now preserved in the family, as a curiosity. The same method I have used with success, for fish and other kind of sharp bones.

W. TURNBULL, M. D.

FEMALE HEROISM.

THE Parthenis, Captain Hume, of South Shields, in the county of Durham, was lately driven on shore near that place. All the people on board, except the Captain (who would not leave the ship), were safely landed, by the exertions of the boatmen stationed there for the purpose of assisting vessels in distress.

Amongst the anxious spectators assembled to witness the issue was the daughter of the Captain, a beautiful young woman, who, hearing of her father's determination not to quit the ship resolved, at the hazard of her life, to go on board; and having prevailed upon the boatmen to accompany her, they, with much difficulty, reached the ship, the sea breaking furiously over the boat. On coming to the vessel, this undaunted heroine seized a rope, and was the first person upon deck: she then threw her arms round her astonished parent, and, with unanswerable eloquence of filial tears, prevailed upon him to go on shore, where they landed in safety, amidst the applause of the multitude, who seemed to emulate each other in bestowing due praise upon this amiable young person. The vessel weathered the storm, and afterwards got off, though considerably damaged.

EASTERN JESTS;

Or the Bon-Mots of Ubbeed, the Jester.

Translated by Jonathan Scott, Esq.

UBBEED, the jester, as captain Scott conjectures, was probably the droll of some eastern prince. At what time he existed, the translator is uncertain, as the manuscript used by him wants the preface or introduction. But another writer observes, that the date of his existence may be fixed with some degree of accuracy. One of his works, in the hands of that writer, contains a date, *anno Hegirae* 677, i. e. *anno Domini* 1278. From this antiquity we may perhaps be induced to allow the claim of the Persian Ubbeed to a multiplicity of jests and witticisms, long ascribed to Joe Miller, or some other parent of European origin. There is no doubt, that many hundreds of our familiar jests and stories might be traced to an oriental source, by exhibiting them in the original languages, from manuscripts of indisputable authority, and antiquity. Perhaps our readers may recollect some of the following, in another shape.

It is related that three hundred captives were brought before a conqueror, who ordered them to be put to death. A youth among them exclaimed, Let us not, O sultan, die thirsty. He commanded them water, and they all drank: when the youth exclaimed, O king, we are thy guests, and we know that thou respectest the rights of hospitality. The king released them immediately.

[To understand this, it is necessary to know, that in the uncorrupted times of the orientals, a drop of water, or any office of hospitality, shown to an enemy, was a signal of forgiveness. In history, we meet with frequent instances of the most revengeful, being surprized into clemency by such stratagems as this anecdote relates. Possibly the prisoners were sometimes instructed by the princes to practise it, in order to save the effusion of blood.]

It is related, that an oppressive prince under whose tyranny his subjects had long groaned, suddenly altered his conduct, and became just and beneficent. A favorite, who had the liberty of saying what he pleased, one day enquired into the cause of this alteration in his conduct. The prince replied, "I was one day hunting, when I beheld a dog gnawing savagely the leg of a fox. An attendant threw a stone at the fox, but it missed him, and broke the leg of the dog. At that instant, a horse kicked the attendant, and maimed him; when immediately the horse's foot sunk into a hole, and he was lamed. The sight of such retribution of injuries awakened me from the slumber of heedlessness, and I became sensible, that tyranny could not long be borne in the world; that every foot must rise against it, and every arm be uplifted to drive it from the earth.

Hashim, son of the caliph Abd al Malek, coming out of his palace met a one-eyed person whom he commanded to be seized and imprisoned. What is is my fault? said the unhappy wretch. thou art one-eyed, exclaimed the tyrant, and meeting a one-eyed person is ominous of ill-luck. Gracious heaven (rejoined the man) if the having only one eye is unlucky, it can be only so to himself; but meeting a tyrant is an omen of ill to others, Perceivest thou not, that thy meeting me has done thee no harm, while my meeting thee has involved me in misfortune? Hashim was confounded, and released the unfortunate man.

Byram Khan was one day at his dinner, when one of the attendants burst into tears. Byram asked the cause, when the youth said, that the delicacies before him had reminded him of those he had enjoyed in the house of his father, who was a reduced gentleman. Byram replied, if thou hast really been used to good living, tell me which is the nicest part of a fowl? The skin, answered the youth. Byram promoted him in his household.

[The skin; with forced meat stuffed under it, is esteemed a delicacy in the east.]

Some days after this, another domestic, hoping to be noticed, while the Khan was eating, blubbered dreadfully. The same question was asked, and answer given. Byram, suspecting a trick, said, Tell me which is the nicest part of a bullock? The skin replied the impostor. Byram laughed, but made the foolish fellow a handsome present.

A Taylor following the army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The taylor said, If I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here.

HATIFFEE, the author of the much admired poem of Leila and Mujjenou,

was sister's son to Jami, to whom, when the work was finished, he carried it for perusal, requesting his prayers for its success. Jami was delighted, and highly pleased the performance. Hatiffee exclaimed, 'would that I had written it sooner, so that ere now my work might have been publicly known !' If all thou wantest is celebrity, said Jami, let it be hung up in the great market place of the city, that all may see it.' 'True my lord,' said Hatiffee, but how will they know the author?' Jami replied, 'why hang up thyself close to the book, that all may be convinced who was the composer.'

In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster at the head of his pupils, marched out of Shirawz in procession, to pray for rain; when a humorous fellow asked where they were going? The tutor told him, and said, 'He doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children. My friend, said the humorist, if that was the case, I fear there would be no schoolmasters left alive!

A very bad performer once, in a coffee house, sang repeatedly in a shocking tone, Let a lover do what he may, he is excusable. The company were offended at his discord, but he would not desist. At length a young fellow threw a cup of sherbet in his face, and the musician being enraged, the humorist cried out, I am in love, I am in love, as all my friends here well know. The musician was forced to retire from the cutting laughter of the company.

A man married, and his wife when seen by him proved to be very ugly. A few days after the nuptials, she said to him, My life, as you have numerous relations, I wish you would inform me before whom of them I may unveil. My soul, said the man, if thou wilt but conceal thy face from me, I care not to whom thou showest it.

A profligate fellow said to a woman, Let me kiss thee, that I may know who kisses best, thou, or my wife. Go, and ask my husband, said she, for he can tell thee, as he has kissed both of us.

An astrologer was condemned to the gibbet, when some one asked him, why he did not foresee his fate, and avoid it. I saw clearly (said he) that I was to be exalted, but I did not enquire of the stars how it was to be.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July, 13, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 36 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of DROPSY 4—apoplexy 2—cholic 1—decay 1—diarrhœa 2—dropsy in the head 1—nervous fever 1—typhus fever 1—hives 1—rupture 1—malignant sore throat 1—spina bifeda (a disease of the back bone) 1—sprue 2—still born 2—Consumption 5, Convulsions, 4 Debility 1 teething 2—worms 2—and 1 of suicide by laudanum.

Of whom 12 were men—11 women—7 boys—and 6 girls.

Of whom 12 were of and under the age of one year—4 between 1 and 2—1 between 2 and 5—1 between 10 and 20—6 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—and 1 between 60 and 70—

A child, supposed to be born prematurely, was found on Saturdry last, wrapped up in a piece of muslin, in a new dug grave in Potter's field. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body and verdict of infanticide returned.

Ballstown, June 25.

MELANCHOLY.

On Friday afternoon, the 21st inst. as a Mr. Slaid was returning from Ballstown Springs to his home in Galway—had not proceeded far before his horse was frightened by the fall of a gun, which he had deposited in his carriage; in which fright the carriage was upset. Mr. Slaid, as he related, felt considerably shocked by the fall he thereby sustained, but soon recovered, put his carriage in order, and proceeded about two miles from the Springs, to an intimate acquaintance of his, in Milton, a Mr. Dibble, where he alighted, accepted an invitation to take tea, and related not only the accident which had befallen him but entered into familiar conversation on various topics.

After tea he invited a daughter of Mr. Dibble's to ride home with him and spend a few days with his family, to which Miss Dibble assented—They had not proceeded a mile when Mr. S. observed "*I believe I shall not live to arrive home*," these words, delivered with a tone of voice that was "never to utter more," shocked Miss Dibble—she cast a look to his face—discovered his situation, and requested him to give her the reins. They were no sooner deposited in her hands than he Mr. S. laid his head in her lap and fainted. He was immediately taken to a Mr. Gregory's inn, and Physicians called, who, on examination, found some blood vessels were broken in his head. He continued in a swoon a short time and expired. Mr. Slaid was a middle aged man, in the full activity of life—has left an agreeable partner to mourn, with society, his untimely dissolution.

On Friday the 28th of June last was executed at Hackinsack, in New Jersey, agreeably to the sentence of the Court, a negro man named Claus, for the murder of a black man, named Joe, the property of a Mr. Van Orden, at Prakeness, in the county of Bergen. On this melancholy occasion there was a larger assemblage of persons of various descriptions collected together than had been witnessed for many years in that place. Throughout his whole life the culprit has sustained a character notoriously bad; a prominent trait was that of a cruel and vindictive spirit. The supposed cause of the murder was jealousy, proceeding from a suspicion of an improper connection between the murdered, and his (Claus's) wife—As there was no *positive proof* offered, he was convicted on the strongest *presumptive evidence!* There is reason to believe he has had an accomplice in perpetrating the horrid deed. He was unwilling to make any discovery, and persisted in the *denial of the charge*. With *insolent audacity* (for he was a black man, convicted without positive proof, and could not be supposed to feel guiltless) he ascended the scaffold, betrayed no fear or dismay, and breathed his last without a struggle or groan.

Hackinsack Register.

Extract of a letter from Dover, dated May 21.

This day at about half past two o'clock, the beautiful Madame Jerome Bonaparte received the visits of the most conspicuous persons, both ladies and gentlemen, at this place. Her style and behavior on this occasion displayed an unaffected elegance and dignified composure which entirely confirmed the favorable impression, which, on her first landing, was immediately made. She was dressed with great simplicity and modesty: on her head she wore no ornament but her hair, seeming to trust completely to that nature, which had, to her been so bountiful. The company remained a considerable time, each appearing to vie in the offer of attentions. Among many distinguished persons, lady Forbes, the hon. general Hoge, Mr. Skeffington, &c. were particularly noticed.

May 22.—Madame Jerome Bonaparte has this day experienced a continuation of attention from the chief inhabitants, the military &c. The time of her residence here is not yet determined.

Mr. Brook, the chief clerk of the Alien department, arrived at Dover on Monday last, for the purpose of examing all the persons who accompanied Madame Jerome Bonaparte on board the Erin. The French physician who attends that lady, far advanced in her pregnancy, and much indisposed, was permitted to remain with her at the London Inn, but under the eye of a proper officer, until the final decision of government be known, as to his disposal, and that of the other male persons who came over with her. Two men servants after examination, were left on board the Erin, under a guard.—Mr. Brooke went first to Deal, but found on his arrival there, that the vessel had sailed from the Downs for Dover.

Madame Jerome Bonaparte is arrived in town, and has taken up her residence at the house of a relative in London-street, Fenchurch-street.

The marriage of Jerome Bonaparte, according to letters from Paris, has been annulled by the Pope, upon the double motive of the husband being a minor, and the wife a heritic.

MARRIED.

On Thursday Evening, July the 4th. Mr Samuel Brewer, Merchant, to Miss Mary Ann Coppinger, both of this city.

On Saturday Evening last, Mr. William Asher, to Miss Martha Pudney, both of this city.

On Monday Evening last, Capt. John Patterson Morris, of Rhode-Island, to Miss Ann M'Kay, of this city.

DIED.

In Europe, the Rev. Thomas Coke, L. L. D. one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Lately at C. Francois, Mr. John Williamson, aged about 21 years, son of Mr. Rem Williamson, of Gravesend, Long Island.

At Brandon, Vermont, of the Scarlet Fever, alias canker Rash, on the 2d of May, Matilda Harris, aged 10 years. On the 4th, Nabby Harris, in the 17th year of her age. On the 9th, Lucinda Harris, in the 14th year of her age. On the 21st Otis Harris, aged 19; children of Mr. Nathaniel Harris, of that town. In July, 1803, they buryed two daughters who died of the dysentery.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for sale by J. HEWITT,
At his Musical Repository No.—
Maiden Lane,
THE WILLOW,
A Favorite Song, sung with great applause by Mrs. DARLEY, in the Opera of
MATRIMONY.
THE MAID OF THE MEAD,
Sung by Miss BLOMGREN at Vauxhall Gardens, Composed by Hook.
THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE,
Sung by Mrs. Darley, in the Comedy of
THE BLIND BARGAIN,
Composed by Mr. Hewitt.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the powe of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."
Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 493 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

BURN'S BIRTH DAY-JANUARY 29

GREENOCK.

A few of the admirers of our immortal Bard, ROBERT BURNS, *having met to celebrate the anniversary of his birth, the following lines composed by one of the company, were spoken on the occasion.*

YE vot'ries of the Nine, ye select few!
Now met to celebrate the hallow'd day
On which the Great High Priest of Scottish Rhyme,
The darling of the Muse, first saw the light;
Come o'er this social bowl, let us recal
To memory, the much lamented Bard,
Who erst in Caledonia rais'd the song,
And now attunes his harp in higher spheres,
And sings with seraphs in a happier clime.

Here let us pour libations on the shade
Of BURNS, whose comprehensive mind receiv'd
From bounteous Heaven, a ray of light divine,
That beams refulgent o,er his native isle.
Let us, in humble strains, attempt to trace
The power he o'er the various passions sway'd;
How, like Timotheus, he imbodied all
The powerful workings of the human mind,
And, with his magic touch, call'd Nature up
To see herself reflected in his song.

If Love he sung!
(For love first kindled up the latent muse)
With tender hand he touch'd the sounding lyre,
And soft emotions swell'd the enraptur'd heart;
To Mary in heaven th' impassion'd song arose,
And Cherubs listen'd to the notes divine.
And, when he swells the sacred song of praise
To Heaven's Eternal King. "Th' Almighty cause
Of all" our "hope and fear," the mind is fill'd
With vast conceptions of that Power Supreme,
Who wisely rules o'er matter, space and time,
In mercy, justice, goodness, love, and truth.

But if self-righteous hypocrites provok'd
The Muse, no common stripes the seeming saint
Receiv'd from Satire's keenly galling lash;
And hidden sinners shiver'd with the smart.

If human mis'ry touch'd his tender mind,
And wak'd the mournful Muse to notes of woe,
The finer feelings of his generous soul
Flow'd in the verse, and "Man was made to mourn,"
Must rouse the hardest heart to sympathy.

Whene'er he strung his airy harp to mirth,
His fancy sported in the unbounded space,
And wizards, witches, kelpies, de'ils, and clowns,
All figur'd in the laugh-inspiring lay.

But, when he swells the note to war, and sings
Of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace" bravely "bled,"
To leave their sons, a yet unconquer'd soil;
These sons are rous'd to emulate their sires,
And boldly meet the proud invading foe,
And bravely conquer, or as bravely die!

Again, he turns the reed to rural life,
And sings the manners of the simple swain—
His sports and pastimes, and his hardy toil;
His lovely lass, sweet smiling in his face
In all the charms of native innocence,
The dear reward of many a weary step
O'er moss and moor, to meet her dear embrace—
And bonny Jean stands peerless in the strain.

If Levity should sometimes tinge the lay,
And raise the transient blush on Virtue's cheek,
Yet Purity itself, must softly throw
The scourge of censure o'er those casual blots
That mark the frailty of the human mind.

When o'er the ashes of departed friends,
He pour'd the monumental song of grief,
He drew their virtues with a master's hand,
And sunk their failings with them in the dust.

Then, let us imitate the mighty BARD,
And sing the honours of his deathless name:
Draw o'er his frailties an oblivious veil,
And shut the scene upon his "wayward step,"
For we shall never see his like again.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What sorrow wash her guilt away?

The only way her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is——to die.

STANZAS ON MAN.

BY JOHN BRENNAN, ESQUIRE.

WHEN foolish man consents to marry,
And finds too late his wife's a shrew;
When she her point in all must carry,
'Tis hard to say what's best to do.

Alas!——the breeches to recover,
To 'scape her tongue and light'ning eye,
And be as free as when her lover,
His only method is——to fly.

N. SMITH,
Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Bunker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.
No. 17, Bunker-Street, New-York

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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